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AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 19, 1850.

NO. 51.



Our Home, our Country, our Brother Man.

A Great Root Grower.

The last number (for December) of the American Agriculturist, gives a short account of some of the operations of Charles B. Calvert, Esq., of Maryland, on his farm called Riverdale, about seven miles from Washington, D. C. It would seem by these statements that Mr. Calvert is king of the root growers in the United States. The Agriculturist says that his farm is a sandy loam, and has been very severely cropped and greatly reduced in fertility, until he undertook the renovation system. His turnip crop last year was 25,000 bushels upon thirty acres. That amounts to 833 1/3 bushels to the acre. Farmers in Maine could raise turnips as largely to the acre as this crop, but too many of them have imbibed the idea that they are of very little value when raised, and so they neglect the culture. We have often urged their culture, and have compared them to grass, and have always considered them as solidified grass, or grass made into a solid state on purpose for green food for stock during our long winters. From other statements in this same journal, we see that Mr. Calvert is making our name a true one by the mode in which he feeds out his turnips, using them entirely as grass, and giving his cattle no hay at all, while feeding them out. In this way, he uses up this enormous crop.

He keeps eighty cows, says the Agriculturist, "mostly Durhams, besides other stock. The turnips are cut up with a root cutter, some twelve hours before feeding time, and sprinkled with salt and bran. The salt entirely prevents any unpleasant taste in the milk. At the same time a quantity of cornstalks are cut, or rather ground fine, and these are fed to the cows, mixed with the turnips, at the rate of two bushels of stalks to one of turnips, a day. Upon this feed, without any hay, the cows are kept all winter, and give milk all the time."

He is thus enabled to sell large quantities of hay, which by hauling it into Washington, seven miles, brings him from \$15 to \$20, per ton. We believe the greatest root grower in Maine is Capt. Bryant, of Dexter. We have not heard what the amount of his crop is this year. He raises the Ruta Baga principally, and feeds them out principally to sheep.

Straw Cutters, once more. He who buys a good straw cutter and uses it faithfully, will find that he can save abundance of fodder that would otherwise be wasted. There is always more or less rough fodder collected on a farm, that cattle, either because they do not like it as well as some with which it is mixed, or because it may be too hard and coarse to be easily masticated, will not eat. By passing such rough straw through a cutter, it becomes prepared and in a condition for them to chew more easily, and they, of course, eat it readily.

For horses that have the heaves, or are a little inclined that way, no better feed can be given them than hay cut finely, then moistened and sprinkled with oil or corn meal. One reason why this sort of food is better for such horses, is this: Horses that have the heaves are generally enormous eaters. If you give them a chance, they will stuff themselves with dry hay to a great degree. This fills them out, and not only crowds the lungs, so that they do not have so much room to rise and fall in, but the midriff, which also has an important action in breathing, is pressed upon and cannot act freely, and hence the disease is aggravated.

Cut the hay finely, sprinkle with water and meal. You thus give a goodly quantity of nutriment in a comparatively small space, and you allow all the organs plenty of room to move in freely, and perform their several duties easier than they would in the other condition.

There are many kinds of straw cutters in the market. Some prefer one kind, and some another. If you will, they all perform well; but you should remember that every machine should be understood by the operators, and used according to the principles upon which it is constructed to work, and not put into the hands of an ignorant bungler who neither knows nor cares which end up it stands or which way it should be turned.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

The Black Spanish Fowl.

This beautiful and truly valuable fowl has been almost forgotten of late, owing to the rage for large breeds. The pure bird of the fancy should be perfectly black, with large legs and beak. The comb and wattles, of both cock and hen, should be single, of very high color and large size; the comb of the hen dropping over on one side. A very singular characteristic of this fowl is a white cheek, which adds much to its beauty. It is a stately bird, and of a grave and majestic deportment.

The hens are the best of layers, producing a very large, pure white egg; and as table birds, they cannot be surpassed. Some breeders of distinction say that they sometimes come with small white spots on the back, making an appearance like small snow flakes.

Different opinions are expressed with regard to the color of the leg. The black is generally preferred; however, I have seen fine specimens with yellow legs; and this color is not without its advocates also. Their weight is from five to seven lbs. Some persons have an idea that the Spanish is a long-legged breed; but in this they are very much mistaken. It is not a long-legged, gawky fowl, with more leg and thigh than any thing else; but it is a very well proportioned, in its general shape, both for beauty and utility.

Spurious specimens of this fowl are very plenty. We know of no purer stock in this part of the country than that of Dr. Rufus Kittredge, of Portsmouth, N. H.

Gardner, Dec. 9, 1850.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

On Ozen.

To the Kennebec County Ag. Society:

The Committee on Working Ozen, having attended to the duty assigned them, beg leave to submit the following report:

Your Committee are well aware that where there are many or few competitors, much sensation is experienced and not a little anxiety felt, and sometimes even expressed. In all ages—among all nations, in times of competition, these same feelings have pervaded the hearts of all men; and arbitrators have not always escaped the censure of competitors, even when they have labored to the utmost to do justice.

The Grecians were distinguished for their exhibitions, and they were particularly celebrated for their sensitiveness. History informs us that even one of their seven wise men died of joy in consequence of witnessing a feat at the Olympic games. But we cherish with pleasure, the hope that no gentleman will feel overpowered with joy on account of being a successful competitor, or be particularly burdened with grief, by reason of seeing another bear off the palm.

Your Committee would further say that if there is any just cause for censure to be meted out, on account of laurels being bestowed where they are not merited, they feel that the crowd which thronged around ought to be held at least in part responsible for the error, for your Committee do believe that neither judges or competitors had a fair opportunity.

The whole number of working ozen entered for premium was twenty-two; and out of this number some twelve or fifteen pairs were brought forward for a trial of their strength. The first were those of Mr. Albert Stone, of Mt. Vernon, and they evinced considerable energy and strength for cattle of their size.

Col. Daniel Craig, of Readfield, next brought forward a pair of large cattle, which, we think, were good for labor. The pair introduced by Nelson Jones, of Readfield, appeared to good advantage.

The next pair on the ground belonged to Jonathan Tuck, of Fayette, and were large and well proportioned.

Next came Nelson Packard, of Winthrop, with his steers, measuring only eight feet, but they hauled the load as far, at a pull, as the large cattle.

Richard Jenkins, of Readfield, exhibited the strength of a spirited pair of six years old cattle. James Page, of Augusta, introduced a pair which did much credit to themselves and their owner.

John Ladd, of Mt. Vernon, exhibited a pair of very large cattle, which, your Committee think, had performed much labor, and could still work well.

Next was a pair owned by Dudley Hains, of Readfield, which, for spirit and strength, were surpassed by few if any of their size on the ground, unless it was by a pair belonging to our friend Henry Atkinson, of Winthrop, which appeared to be as gritty as any thing wearing hair.

Martin H. Kent, of Fayette, had a large pair of six years old cattle, which, for strength and discipline, did well for themselves and their owner. E. G. Tuck, of Fayette, also tried the strength of a pair of five years old cattle, which appeared to good advantage.

Your Committee take pleasure in saying that they were highly gratified with the appearance of all the cattle on the ground; but they are limited in their award of premiums to four.

The first premium we give to Nelson Packard, of Winthrop, for his six years old steers, which are of fair size and well proportioned. Moses S. Dudley, of Readfield, we think is entitled to the Society's second premium. The third, we award to E. G. Tuck, of Fayette; and the fourth, to Dudley Hains, of Readfield.

All which is respectfully submitted.

E. S. Case, Chairman.

Bread Cutters.

The Scientific American has a cut of a patented machine for cutting bread into slices. It is the invention of Mr. Franklin Rouse, of Berlin, Connecticut, and will aid the operator in cutting bread into slices of uniform thickness.

There are two troubles about cutting bread in "thin diggings." The first trouble is to get the bread to cut, and the second is to cut it into slices of such exceeding uniformity of size, that some gourmands will not get more than their share.

KEROSENE GAS. Dr. Geiser has succeeded in making gas for lighting cities, manufactories, &c., &c., out of the asphaltum, which he found in such quantities in the Province of New Brunswick. It is said to cost not more than half as much as coal gas. Would the Portland gas company obtain this as easily as they can coal?

Shoes.

The shoes of the horse should be of equal thickness throughout, with a flat ground surface, as those with high heels, which assume an oblique position in imitation of their own, are dangerous to the animal. The toe, which ought to be raised, is thus lowered, and Nature's plan reversed, which elevates the point in order to avoid obstructions. The web should be wide, and of the same width throughout, instead of being pinched in, because Vulcan operators "flicks to the shoe well set off at the heels." This is both unphilosophical and detrimental; it deprives the eye of man, and injures the foot of the horse. "The outer edge of the foot rests on the inner edge of the shoe, and the remaining width of the web projects beyond the hoof," so that the master who thinks his horse has a good open foot, only has to be proud of a bad, open shoe, which both conceals deformities underneath, and "invites with open arms a bad road to come and do its worst." The heels are made bare just where the navicular joint is most exposed; and if that be inflamed, what must the agony be when the unprotected foot treads on a sharp flint? The horse "falls suddenly lame," "drops as if he had been shot," "springs in much too common use to require explanation," and small is the pity which the suffering animal meets with from man; who, having destroyed the use of his victim's feet, abuses him because he cannot go; and imputes "grogginess" to him as a crime, as he were in liquor like a groom, and not in agony. (Miss, Veterinary Surgeon.)

A GREAT CURE. The Woodbury Constitution states that a fatted calf taken to Philadelphia last week, by Ephraim S. Cole, weighed 740 pounds alive, and 450 pounds dressed. It was only 7 months old, and sold for \$40.50.

Hints on Neatness and Domestic Economy.

We lately picked up from among some waste papers, a few stray leaves from a book, a pamphlet, which contained some hints which we thought might interest a portion of our readers. The title page was gone, and we are unable to give the author's or publisher's name. The running title, however, is "Mr. Brown, the planter." The following extracts present a true picture of neatness, industry and economy in humble life:

"It is a pleasure to see the handy manner in which Mrs. Brown sets about her work, and the numerous contrivances she has for preserving her clothes and her furniture from injury. I have always observed much of character in the dress and personal appearance of females when busily engaged in their domestic affairs. Some, I have seen with thin, slight, showy dresses, such as would easily soil and injure, and, perhaps, would not bear washing. These I have generally found to be vain, extravagant, and thoughtless; as if they were loath to wear a worse thing when they had a better belonging to them, however unsuitable it might be to the business in hand. Others, who appear dirty and slovenly, with their hair loose, or curl-papers hanging about their faces, with a dirty cap, or loose gown, may be fairly set down as slothful throughout, who have no respect for their families or themselves. There are others who, at a glance, show the tidy, careful housewife; the character is seen in the materials and make of their garments. Then there are the tidy little contrivances of a bit of mat, on which to kneel when cleaning the grate; a board on which to set a dirty soapstone; a mat or tray, on which to place a jug or full dish, or whatever may grease or stain a table. All these and many similar symptoms of neatness and care, Mrs. Brown constantly exhibits. It seems to be her rule, in using the things about her house, never to employ a better thing when a worse will answer the purpose; and by this means both her wardrobe and her furniture are constantly kept in good condition. The crumbs, &c., of every meal are immediately and thoroughly cleared away, and every thing put in its proper place. Indeed, from the constantly neat appearance of her cottage, the order of her shelves, and the brightness of her tin and copper vessels, a stranger might conclude that the things were never taken down. Mrs. Brown is also an excellent manager in forecasting her work."

ever she intends to provide for dinner, her plan is laid beforehand, and her fire made up accordingly. She would think it a shame to have occasion to use kindlings after once lighting the fire, or put on more wood, if what was on already would answer the purpose.

Mrs. Brown is very punctual in sending her children to school, and without a rent or a soil on their clothes. She is also a good mother to them, in training them to habits of industry and cleanliness, like her own.

The business of washing is not deferred till Saturday. She takes a morning in the forepart of the week, has her kettle filled overnight from a small rain-water tub; and with plenty of water, good rubbing, and good rinsing, she makes her linen look as white as the drifted snow. At the proper time it is all nicely ironed, aired, mended, and put in the drawer, ready for use.

She is an excellent manager in money matters; and her husband being a sober, steady man, regularly brings home his earnings. Now, Mrs. Brown, from the first, resolved to be a week beforehand. I have heard her say how she managed it, but I do not exactly recollect. I believe it was by living very close several weeks, and saving from each week sixpence or a shilling, until, on Saturday night, she could pay all her weekly expenses, without touching the money her husband had just brought home. Having once accomplished this, she has always had a strong stimulus to keep up to it; and, as the saying is, she found it harder to lay by the first five shillings than the next five pounds. In every thing she acts by the plan; and she has got the way of making a penny go as far as it possibly can. She cannot bear the thought of spending one day, and starving another. To prevent this, she allows so much for each day's expenses in every particular, reserving a portion, also, for such expenses as do not occur weekly. At the proper time of the year, she contrives to get in a stock of fuel. In Mrs. Brown's calculations, a weekly provision is made for the rent, which is a certain expense; and a trifling laid in in case of sickness, or what may be deemed uncertain expenses."

As she goes with the ready money in her hand, she can always have her pick of the market; and she generally buys such points of meat as do not bear the highest prices, but, by good management, answer well in a family. She turns all her marketing to the best account, suffering nothing to be wasted or misapplied. I firmly believe there is less money spent on the substantial family meal of Mrs. Brown than on the uncomfortable, unsatisfying pittance of Mrs. Perkins.

It may be supposed that, with the care of her house and family, Mrs. Brown has quite as much business as she can attend to; but it is surprising how, by industry and good management, people may seek out a little, and a little more. No children are more thoroughly attended to than the little Browns; but then they are kept in order, and managed with half the trouble with which these parents who are indolent and irregular are annoyed. She always puts her children to bed early and regularly, and thus secures a quiet evening for needlework. By wearing clothes carefully, and mending every tear and thin place as soon as it appears, not half the time is required for mending that would be necessary, if they were suffered to come to great holes. Besides this, she soon teaches the children to mend their own clothes, and to do other little useful matters; and in one way or another, she contrives most weeks to earn a shilling or two."

By the exercise of true economy, and wisely adapting the expenses of the family and its style of living, to its means, multitudes of persons might live much better, happier, and more independently, than they now do.

A GREAT CURE. The Woodbury Constitution states that a fatted calf taken to Philadelphia last week, by Ephraim S. Cole, weighed 740 pounds alive, and 450 pounds dressed. It was only 7 months old, and sold for \$40.50.

Source of original and copy sold for one year only.

High Farming.

The English journals are filled with experiments of high farming, and all agree that fair remunerative profits can only be realized by such practice, while the political economists of England boldly assert "that the adoption of high farming alone will render legislative protection unnecessary." If it be true of England why not with us? It has not been proved that by using full quantities of manure with thorough cultivation, that better profits can be realized even by the first rotation of crops, than by the ordinary sluggish mode of farming! Are the farmers of New York and the adjacent States asleep, that they do not see from past experience what must be the result of longer continuing the exhausting process? Do they not know that one-half of the farms of Virginia are now sold? that the wheat crop of Ohio is less than that of the average wheat crop of New York is not more than fifteen bushels per acre? We have published that Doct. John Woodhall of Princeton, has raised fifty-seven bushels of wheat per acre; that Allen Middleton, of Crosswicks, N. J., and many others, have raised one hundred and twenty-four bushels of shelled corn per acre; and indeed that all who pursue high farming properly are rendering their vocation profitable, in addition to rendering their land more valuable for future crops.

We are tired of hearing those who have neither tried nor investigated the truths of high farming assert that "it costs too much." Those who have tried it know better; the excess of profits is always many times greater than the excess of expenses. A manufacturer who requires 100 horse power to turn his machinery, might as well do it by hiring men enough to perform the whole labor instead of using the steam engine, as for a farmer at this day to refuse the lights of science as applied to agriculture. We have visited many farms during the last three years, and advised modes of managing, culture, &c., based on the chemical constituents of the soil, and we venture to assert that in every case the improved profits of any two acres would have paid our whole charge for services. Nor is it necessary that we should be employed, for every farmer who has an analysis made of his soil, and reads *The Working Farmer* attentively, is capable without the advice of any one, to farm with profit. We should be glad to publish the English articles on this subject, but at this time they are so mixed up with the local politics of the day, in which our readers have no interest, that we cannot use them.

We last year hired a piece of ground in our own neighborhood, which was worn out and had refused corn. Last winter we made an analysis of the soil, and found it short of chlorine, phosphate of lime, soda, potash, and ammoniacal matter. We manured it this spring with a compost costing one dollar and thirty cents per acre. The chlorine and soda was supplied by common salt, the phosphate of lime, potash and ammoniacal matter by peruvian guano, and the volatile matters of the compost retained by the use of charcoal dust and plaster of Paris. We have now a crop of corn standing on this land which will yield certainly more than fifty bushels of shelled corn per acre, and after measuring we hope to be able to report a much larger crop, and that too without the proper preparation of the ground by sub-soil plowing, &c., as on our own farm. We invite our readers to visit us and see this field for themselves. [Working Farmer.]

Oregon Farming.

With an eye to the large accession which will certainly be made to our population this season, we have thought a few remarks with reference to the agricultural affairs of our territory would not be out of place. The fact is indisputable that there will be a great demand for provisions, and the question is frequently asked, is there a sufficient amount of provisions in the territory to meet the demand? We have great pleasure in answering this question, in the affirmative, after extensive and careful enquiry, in expressing a strong confidence that there will be found to be a surplus of provisions on hand to supply an emigration of 20,000. And when we reflect on the unsettled condition of our farming population and the too general neglect of agricultural pursuits, this fact reflects great credit on our territory. With such evidence of great resources, what can we do, but by proper application to the development of our natural resources?

And it is a fact worthy of record that our agriculturists are becoming convinced that the richest gold mines to which they can resort are their own fertile fields. We have many facts before us which lead us to the conviction that every man who can command a roof of land would do well for himself and the country to draw off of it all of which it is capable.

That agricultural pursuits will pay largely, a few facts will prove. For example—we overheard a gentleman a few days since remarking that he had just sold stock from his farm to the amount of \$7,000. And the same gentleman said that aside from his remaining stock he also had 150 acres of wheat, which is now being harvested, and which will yield from twenty to thirty bushels per acre. And any one can calculate the thousands of dollars such a crop will secure to its owner. We have heard of two or three gentlemen on the Columbia river who have large fields of potatoes which have been, by disinterested persons, estimated at \$1,000 per acre. One individual has ten acres of potatoes, which have and will, in all cost him two months of personal labor, and the same amount of labor from two hired hands, if he meet with no adverse fortune, he will realize eight or ten thousand dollars from his potatoes alone. In the upper part of the Willamette and Umpqua river there are almost unlimited opportunities for hay raising and dairy business, in the most beautiful country in the world. [Oregon Spectator.]

SIMPLE REMEDY. The simple application for a horse's feet which are brittle, or hoof bound, I learned from an English shoer; and having tried it with good effect, and never having seen it fail, I send it to you to be used as you may deem proper.

Mix equal parts of tar and soft soap grease, having the foot clean and dry; apply it hot, but not boiling, to all parts, letting it run under the shoe as much as possible. In bad cases the application should be made every day for a week, and then two or three times a week; till the foot becomes strong and smooth, or having several years.

Barley. The value of Barley for human food could be shown by various facts in the history and experience of the past, as well as by the science and practice of the present. Speaking of Count Rumford's experiments in providing food for the poor, the London Encyclopedia (article "Food") says:—"After an experience of more than five years in feeding the poor at Munich, during which time every experiment was made that could be devised, it was found that the cheapest, most savory, and most nourishing food that could be provided was a soup composed of pearl barley, peas, potatoes, cuttings of fine wheaten bread, vinegar, salt, and water, in certain proportions."

This plant, although it does not possess the beauty of the wheat, nor the elegance of the oat, is nevertheless beautiful in its form and appearance; whilst it possesses the valuable quality of being more hardy than either of these, and can be grown in climates where these cannot. According to Einhof, the ripe grain contains in 100 parts—Fats, 70.05; Bran, 18.75; Water, 11.30; and according to Playfair, it contains in 100 parts—solid substance, 84.5; Water, 15.5; Earthy principle, 14; Heat principle, 68.8; Bone principle, 1. The form in which this grain can be best used in America, is that known as Pearl Barley, which is made from the "two-rowed barley." The grain is first dried in a kiln, then deprived of its bran by a mill, finally made nearly round by trituration. Einhof states that the farina, of which the pearl barley is chiefly composed, contains, in 100 parts—Starch, 67.18; Gluten, 3.32; Gum, 4.63 Water, 9.37. and also contains in 100 parts—

A THANKSGIVING SONG.

BY H. WARE, JR.

Come, friends and countrymen; come, friends and countrymen; Come, friends and countrymen; come, friends and countrymen; Put business and shopping, and schoolbooks away; The year has rolled round, and it is Thanksgiving-day.

Come home from the college, ye single-bellied youths, Come home from your factories, Ann, Kate, and Ruth; From the arid, the counter, the farm, court, camp, &c. Home, home with you all, it is Thanksgiving-day.

The table is spread, and the dinner is dressed; The cooks and the mothers have all done their best. No Caliph of Bagdad e'er saw such display, Or dreamed of a treat like our Thanksgiving-day.

Pies, puddings and custards, pigs, oysters and nuts— Come forward and seize them, without fits or fits; Bring now of your skin, little appetites here— Thanksgiving-day comes only once in a year.

Three welcome days in its annual round! What treasures of love in its bosom are found! New England's high holiday, ancient and dear— 'Tis well to be so merry, 'twice in a year.

Now children revisit the darling old place, And brother and sister, long parted, embrace; The family circle is united once more, And the same voices shout at the old cottage-door.

The grandfather smiles on the innocent mirth, And blesses the power that has guarded his hearth; He remembers no trouble, he feels no decay, But thinks his whole life has been Thanksgiving-day.

Then praise for the past and the present we sing, And, grateful, await what the future may bring; Let thanksgiving and praise be blended away, And the whole of our lives be a Thanksgiving-day.

Management of Hens.

It is said the French feed their hens on crumbs of bread, soaked in wine, in order to promote their fecundity. This practice, although unquestionably a judicious one has never, as we are aware, been adopted in this country, where the hen is too often neglected, and compelled to obtain her own living, except during the winter months, when she is usually confined to a dry diet, mostly of corn and grain. No moist or animal food of any sort is allowed her, and the consequence is she becomes an outcast rather than an inmate to the farmer. According to an English writer of eminence, a hen, "if well fed, and allowed to roam in a farm yard, will deposit in the course of twelve months, about two hundred eggs; but if left entirely to herself, she seldom lays more than fifteen eggs in the same nest without attempting to hatch them; but if eggs only be desired, they should be removed, only one being left, and she will continue to lay for a long time. When the hen begins to set, nothing can exceed her patience and perseverance; she continues for some days, immovable, and when forced by the importunities of hunger, she quickly returns. While the hen sets, she carefully turns her eggs, till at length, in about three weeks, the young bird begins to give signs of a desire to burst their confinement. When all are produced, she then leads them forth to provide for themselves. Her affection and pride seem then to alter her very nature, and correct her imperfections. No longer voracious and cowardly, she abstains from all food that her young can swallow, and flies boldly at every creature that she thinks is likely to do them mischief."

In rearing chickens great and unnecessary loss is often experienced from permitting the hen to have a free range, often through grass and pasture lands, and at times when the grass is wet and the chickens walk. As soon as the brood is hatched, the hen, with her chickens should be removed to a coop, so constructed as to admit of the chickens passing out and in; they will rarely if ever wander beyond the call of the mother, and will thus be enabled to procure the necessary supply of worms, bugs, flies and other insects which are not essential to their health, but an injury to vegetation. When hens are confined in a close house or "henery," they should have a constant supply of meat or animal food of some kind; also chopped vegetables, such as turnips, cabbages, potatoes or carrots, together with lime, ashes, pounded bone, or bone dust, and the floor of the apartment should be covered with sand or dust, in order that they may cover themselves with it and prevent their being overrun with vermin. Good and convenient boxes for laying and incubation should be provided, and so arranged as to admit of secrecy on the part of the hen when laying, as she generally refuses to enter a nest that is open and exposed—preferring to drop her eggs at random rather than deposit them in the best and most enticing nest, if in view, or openly exposed. Barrels, with one head, if placed on their sides, with the open end toward the wall, form very convenient laying places, and are liable to little objection on the score of expense. They are preferable to boxes, being cheaper and much more easily supplied. [Germania Telegraph.]

Barley.

The value of Barley for human food could be shown by various facts in the history and experience of the past, as well as by the science and practice of the present. Speaking of Count Rumford's experiments in providing food for the poor, the London Encyclopedia (article "Food") says:—"After an experience of more than five years in feeding the poor at Munich, during which time every experiment was made that could be devised, it was found that the cheapest, most savory, and most nourishing food that could be provided was a soup composed of pearl barley, peas, potatoes, cuttings of fine wheaten bread, vinegar, salt, and water, in certain proportions."

This plant, although it does not possess the beauty of the wheat, nor the elegance of the oat, is nevertheless beautiful in its form and appearance; whilst it possesses the valuable quality of being more hardy than either of these, and can be grown in climates where these cannot. According to Einhof, the ripe grain contains in 100 parts—Fats, 70.05; Bran, 18.75; Water, 11.30; and according to Playfair, it contains in 100 parts—solid substance, 84.5; Water, 15.5; Earthy principle, 14; Heat principle, 68.8; Bone principle, 1. The form in which this grain can be best used in America, is that known as Pearl Barley, which is made from the "two-rowed barley." The grain is first dried in a kiln, then deprived of its bran by a mill, finally made nearly round by trituration. Einhof states that the farina, of which the pearl barley is chiefly composed, contains, in 100 parts—Starch, 67.18; Gluten, 3.32; Gum, 4.63 Water, 9.37. and also contains in 100 parts—

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This plant, although it does not possess the beauty of the wheat, nor the elegance of the oat, is nevertheless beautiful in its form and appearance; whilst it possesses the valuable quality of being more hardy than either of these, and can be grown in climates where these cannot. According to Einhof, the ripe grain contains in 100 parts—Fats, 70.05; Bran, 18.75; Water, 11.30; and according to Playfair, it contains in 100 parts—solid substance, 84.5; Water, 15.5; Earthy principle, 14; Heat principle, 68.8; Bone principle, 1. The form in which this grain can be best used in America, is that known as Pearl Barley, which is made from the "two-rowed barley." The grain is first dried in a kiln, then deprived of its bran by a mill, finally made nearly round by trituration. Einhof states that the farina, of which the pearl barley is chiefly composed, contains, in 100 parts—Starch, 67.18; Gluten, 3.32; Gum, 4.63 Water, 9.37. and also contains in 100 parts—

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Prospectus of Volume XIX of the | FLOUR! FLOUR!

WATER FLOORS:
regularly inform his friends
as he made arrangements to
ENTERED MILL
is one of the best in New Eng-
land. He would be making his
where in the State. In com-
monly received \$5,000
and Ohio never heard, that
not rate from chance here. He
like either at the Store or at
the **Pure White Wheat,**
the lowest market price.
the lowest market price.
with J. D. Robinson, Bath
the United Advertiser, Farmington
may be seen.

WHEAT ON CROPS.
Kennebec County Agricultural
the Trustees to agree their pres-
ent, for their benefit, to the
State Farmer, Office, on Satur-
day, the 10th inst., at 10 o'clock.
The said statements made by
the
Kennebec, J. B. Swanton,
Winthrop, Wm. Thomas, A.
Kennebec, Calvin C. Leslie,
and
OSBIE, EATON, Rec. Sec's
43.

FOR SALE.
Street, Hollowell, Me.
Locking and Patent Chairs, Bu-
rrocks, and other well known, Wint-
sboro, Seabrook, Chamberlain
the Locking Glasses and Plates,
and other, in Belknap.

Cummins, Matresses, Entry
the sold Leds. A. L. DUNN,
1859. 12-16

MULLIKEN,
MISSION MERCHANTS,
A. MAIN E.
CHARLES H. MULLIKEN,
Retail Williams, Gen. Greenfield
Edmond, Allen Lombard, Eng-
Romonas, C. C. Whitcomb, Eng-
Evans, Gen. Geo. W. Borchert-
Miller & Co., Mrs. J. G. Com-
m. M. Beebe & Co., Wm. A.
4761

CARTHUR,
Square, Augustus,
at wholesale or retail, 300 bbls.
and 1000 lbs. of sugar, 1000
lb. of rice, 1000 lb. of coffee,
15 lb. B. Carduus, Cinnamon,
Cinnamon, Orange, Pepper,
15 lb. Br. Havana, 10 bbls.
of 2.5 lb. P. B. Cuba, and
1000 lb. of 15 lb. Java, and
Java, P. B. Rice and Coffee Co.

determ of Pure White Corn. When, where it is
largest will sell the most favorable price.
Also, for sale as follows: SUPERFINE
FLOUR, a prime low priced article, GRAHAM FLOUR,
FINE WHOLEWHEAT, and all kinds of FLOUR, at very low
prices for cash.
Oct. 31, 1859.
N. B. The Agents of Family and Extra Flour may be seen at
Meals. LIBBY & Co's, Augusta. 6m33

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Stage and
Rail Road Ser-
vice.

STAGES will run in connection with the Androscoggin & Kennebec, and Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroads, as follows: Leave Augusta at 9 o'clock A. M. and 2 o'clock P. M.

RETURNS will leave Boston on the arrival of the cars from Portland and Boston.

FARE TO Portland \$1.50. In Winter, as cheap as any other route.

J. MITCHELL & Co.
Augusta, Dec. 2, 1859. 6c33

VOLUNKERS--It is known that ALONZO GABERY
has just received an assortment of Vols. who he
will sell at a small increase from cost. 49 Dec. 3.

WATER RAM.

LUTHER WHITMAN keeps on hand a excellent machine for raising water into houses and barn yards. It will attend to putting them into operation.

He has one constructed in operation at Greenfield, Wis., where he will be happy to show it to any persons desiring to see it.

Whitthrop, Oct. 21, 1850. 43fr

NEW FRESH FLOUR.

GARDNER FLOUR, Ground from NEW WHEAT, in barrels also bags and by retail.

For sale by
B. LIBBY & CO.

DOCTOR YOURSELF!
FOR 25 CENTS!

BY MEANS OF THE POCKET ESCULAPUS, or,
Every one his own Physician! Thirtieth edition, with upwards of a hundred carefully selected private directions in every shape and form, and misformations of the generative system.

BY WILLIAM YOUNG, M. D.

The time has now arrived, that persons suffering from secret diseases, such as Gonorrhea, Syphilis, Stricture, Quackery, &c., by the prescriptions contained in this book may cure themselves without hindrance to business, or the knowledge of their friends, and without the expense of a physician.

Agents, Mackrell, Billbutt Napes

and Folland Field, for sale by
JAMES L. LIBBY & CO.,
607 Broadway, New York.

—Just received, at No. 8 Union
Square, and a little more Tripe,
from the late Mrs. J. C. Smith.
*Courtesy of Francis, held at An-
son Court of Kansas, on the
A. D. 1850.*

—The estate of John Rogers, of Bel-
mont, N. H., having terminated, the
friendship of said Ward for allow-
ance.

—Guardian give notice to all
holders of a copy of this order to be
presented to the Master General, or
they may appear at a Probate
Court, in the County, on the 2d
day of the clock in the forenoon,
to have, why they shall submit
to the court. WILHELMUS, 50
N. B. SMITH, Register.

—I am sorry to hear that you are
tenth the most expensive. In addition to the general
frustration of your efforts, I am sorry to hear of
mausoleum's early decline, with observations on marriage-
being many other derangements which it would not be
proper to enumerate in the public print.

—I am very much interested in the article enclosed
in a letter from you, dated Nov. 1st, 1850. The
Enclosure will be sent for one dollar. Address "Dr. W.
VON K., No. 132 Spruce Street, Philadelphia."
Prof. Ford.

—Dr. YOING can be consulted on any of the diseases
described in the different papers of the
Spruce Street, every day, between 9 and 5 o'clock, (Sun-
days excepted). 1946 Nov. 11, 1856.

 STRAY HORSE.

CAME into the enclosure of the advertiser, a
Gentling Colored Horse, about five years old, has a
white hair white, a white stripe in his face, one white foot,
and a small white mark on his chest. The owner is requested to
report property, pay charges, and take him home.

East Mt. Vernon, Nov. 25, 1850. E. S. BARTLET.

Freedom Notice.

FOR a reasonable consideration I give to my son AN-
THANIEL NICKLES, the remainder of his minority in
transact business for himself. I shall claim none of his
earnings nor any thing he may acquire until he reaches
the age of majority.

that the authorities have by statute on the estate of J. J. Fox, of the County of Knox, and the County of Madison, are and-taken that trust by giving to the said authorities, having of said decedent are desired to be and it intended to said the immediate payment for the same.

FRANCIS FULLER,
JAMES H. WILKING,
50 Administrators.

IN HOUSE.

Whereof would respectfully give to his numerous acquaintances hereby generally, that he has taken the sum of \$100.00, on the 2d of June, 1886, or thereabouts, of years, formerly kept by J. H. Beckers to meet and receive of the traveling community, by means of the following:

WINCHESTER—ANDERSON, FRANCIS NICKLES,
Augusta, Nov. 29, 1856. 49

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, JOSEPH FIERMAN, of Ridgely, by the mortgage deed dated January 27, 1868, and recorded in the Knoxville Register Book, No. 10, page 10, conveyed to Wm. FOSTER and COLLEMBUS HOWARD, a certain tract of land situated in the County of Knox, and adjoining land owned by Wm. Posters—Reference being here made to the said (see their description.) And whereas, the condition of said mortgage having been broken, and the same is now due and payable, and the said FOSTER and HOWARD, the mortgagees, therefore claim to foreclose said mortgage, and hereby give notice for that purpose, and to that effect, to the said JOSEPH FIERMAN, and to all persons claiming an interest in such tract as said and provided.

Wm. FOSTER,
COLLEMBUS HOWARD.

Augusta, Nov. 27, 1856.

NOTICE TO BUILDERS.

THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS of the County of Knox, having determined to erect additional county building, the coming season, will receive sealed proposals from stone and brick masons, carpenters, and other persons, for the erection and finishing of two wings to the present Court House, to be situated on the corner of the Court House to a plan and elevation of the same to be seen at the Clerk's Office. Specifications of the work will also be found at the same place. The Contract will be made with the lowest bidder.

J. J. JABEZ CHURCHILL,
56

OUR LEATHER,

NOTICE.

THE undersigned business agent at his
OFFICE, and would have

take such opportunity to any
 customers that I feel grateful for
 attending strictly and faithfully
 to their patronage. I intend to
 visit Uncle of Corn, Ohio, Boston,
 CLEVELAND, OHIO.
 36

THUR.—J. H. Beach, J. Field, Hg
 Baltimore Howard Street, and
 also
 THUR, No. 1 Market Square.

FOR SALE.
 I am disposed to sell N. H. CAREY, in the
 FAYNE, is for sale. Kind of more
 kind of Bostons, and is covered
 country trade. Enquire of Mr.
 CAREY, N. H. CAREY.
 40

NEW WORK.
 and the Governor's Family, a run-
 and popular, yet cultured and so-
 cially useful, and practically com-
 training, also, than on being good
 of some of "MARRIAGE AND
 and see me by EDWARD FEN-

BLAKE'S FIRE PROOF PAINT.
 7000 LBS of this celebrated paint, just received on
 consignment, and for sale by
 EBEN FULLER.

Washing Raised to a Science
 BY using Carey's Compound Washing Mixture of Soap,
 a new and highly approved article for washing clothes,
 painted surfaces, &c. &c.; just received and for sale by
 EBEN FULLER.

FLUID—FLUID.
 THE great demand for DYER'S WASHING FLUID is
 proved that it is THE BEST FLUID that is warranted not
 to harm the fabric, and is not superior to all others avail-
 ing to the public. Sold in Augusta, wholesale and re-
 tail, at No. 3 Bridge's Block, by the senior Agent,
 J. W. COFFREN.

CALIFORNIA TRADE.
 SASH, DOORS and WINDOW FRAMES, in large
 quantities, at short notice, at a reasonable discount,
 can be had at the Bush, Bush & Co's Warehouse,
 O. & E. W. WILLIAMSON.

Augusta, April, 1850. 14

FRESH FRUIT—Fresh Malaga Raisins, Currants, Citrus, and Apples of all kinds, for sale by
48 **EDEN FLEET.**

WRAPPING PAPER.
SINGLE, 75 cents; Double, \$1.50 per ream—not as good as has usually been sold for these prices, but as good can now be afforded for sale by
48 **EDWARD PENNO.**

CHEMICAL, Soda, Cautic, and Brown SOAPs, Castile, Oil, Pork and Lard, just received and for sale by
Nov. 25. 6m5d **EDW. F. COOKE.**

NO MISTAKE.
YOU can buy six of Marches, Buff, Breck Nuts, Tubas & Co., Nutmeg, Oil, Hair, and for the Candies and Tea so cheap of **EDW. F. COOKE** as you can be afforded, and a little cheaper. 6m5d Nov. 25.

CHANCE-TEAR. A Thanksgiving story of the Peabody family, Chas. IV, the London story of the Peabody family, II, Arrived of the Merchant and the family, Chap. III, the former-fade from the West, Chap. IV, Chap. V, the Chas. V, the fashionable lady and her friends, the fortune of the family commencing Chap. VII, the giving scenes, the Peabody family, Chap. VIII, the new owners, Chap. X, the conclusion. An interesting and new story. **EDWARD PENNO.**

has been given.
and Enloe supplied at short-
ments to D. M. TEAGUE,
6, 1950. and I have not yet
e. (y) (u) (c) (d) (f) (g) (h) (i) (j) (k) (l) (m) (n) (o) (p) (q) (r) (s) (t) (u) (v) (w) (x) (y) (z)

DEPT. FOR KAY BY

CINARIY AND HEMP BIRD - A Dash lot just received
and for sale \$5 KAREN FULLER.

I am interested quite much in your work and will be

The Muse.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

BY ALONZO LEWIS.

We thank Thee, God of Harvest-Home! for what Thy bounty
For all the varied Provisions that from Thy bounty
flowed.
We thank Thee for the vernal showers that fertilized
the ground.
We praise Thee for the genial sun that all man's labor
crowned.
We thank Thee, God of Harvest-Home! for all our
wealth of grain.
For the tall wheat whose waving mass like ocean filled
the plain.
We thank Thee for the fruitful yield of bright and yellow
corn.
We thank Thee, God of Harvest-Home! for all Thy
fruitful fields.
The apple with its scarlet cheeks, the ripe and mellow
pear.
The downy peach, the luscious plum, the purple-clustered
grape.
And the bright show of radiant flowers that in our garden
shine.

We thank Thee, God of Harvest-Home! for more than
we may tell.
We thank Thee for the fragrant hay that fills our barn
so well.
We praise Thee for the varied gifts that form our harvest
feast.
And the choice store of healthful roots, sweet food for
man and beast.

We thank Thee, God of Harvest-Home! that while in
other lands
Pale famines stalk and sweep away their fever-stricken
hordes.
Our homes are blessed with health and love, with plenty
and with joy.
While social and domestic peace yield bliss without
alloy.

We thank Thee, God of Harvest-Home! for all that
we partake!
That our hearts with gratitude their hymn of praise
may make.
And when, our day of labor past, Death's harvest-hour
shall come,
May all our souls, like ripened fruit, be safely gathered
home!

From the Friend of Youth.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY MARY LEVING.

"To-morrow is Thanksgiving!" sang a little girl in
glee,
Dancing about the kitchen floor, and laughing joyously.
She was a fair little thing, of scarcely three years old;
The curls she shook round her smiling face, like rings of
gleaming gold.
Poor little girl! she hardly spoke those happy words
of glee.
When a scaling brain, in her path, her tiny foot tripped
up!
The mother sprang up with a shriek—it was too late
to save!
That little maid Thanksgiving Day dawned on her
new-made grave!

The pie stood ranged along the shelf, all ready for the
feast.
Close by the mammoth pudding no sibling child could
taste.
The table stood unadorned, for the friends who sat to
weep.
Where they had come, New England's merriest festival
to keep.
"We cannot have Thanksgiving now!" her little
brother said,
As he glanced up to his father, from the pale cheek of
the dead.
"Oh yes, my boy!" The father stooped, and dropped a
gleaming tear.
A dew-drop on the blighted bud his heart had held so
dear.

"Oh yes!" We know her lips are hushed from laughter
and from play—
Thank God! He has taken her to sing in Heaven
to-day!
We know she is not weeping, in her home above the
sky—
For his own hand will wipe away the tears from every
eye!

"Thank God that little Mary to our hearts will always
be given—
He only best her from among His little ones in Heaven!
"Twas well that on this happy morn her soul should
wing away,
To keep, with her Father's home, her long Thank-
sgiving Day!"

REMEMBRANCES.

Off at the hour when evening thrills
In gathering shades of eve and hill
He only best her from among His little ones in Heaven!
Twas well that on this happy morn her soul should
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To keep, with her Father's home, her long Thank-
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sgiving Day!"

Foes to the exuberance of untrained spirits, they
were indeed—and often prone to stretch every
limb to their own state of opinion and feeling.
But they were cheerful rays. The happy
William and Susan sat by the window, not
yet, the morose Thanksgiving Day that bright-
ened my young life was spent beneath the roof
of a staunch Puritan old lady, one of the few that
linger, like some evergreen in autumn, among
the more gay and careless of this generation.

For the first time, Thanksgiving Day religiously
as well as cheerfully. Good old patri-
arch! He might be forgiven the pride with
which he glanced round his seven children,
with all their little ones around him, and then
lifted up his hand to bless Heaven in their behalf.
But for three years, ever since the little Bobby
had been a sunbeam to bless the good old man's
heart, there had been a shadow, too, upon it—a
ghostly shadow, but a sad one. That shadow was
the graceful mother of the child—the favorite
daughter of the family.

Adelaide Talbot was beautiful and lovely in
her youth, dearly loved by all, but best by her
own friends. She was, indeed, the richest
gem in that circle. When the long lashes were
lifted from her ever changing cheek, you could
look into the very soul of the high-minded, sunny-
hearted girl. Six years before, she had stood in
her father's low parlour on Thanksgiving eve—she
had stood between her father and another to
whose face she lifted her soul-speaking eyes, his
face of an hour. And as the good mother's
rosy cheeks, carefully bottled for the occasion,
wound round, she dreamed not that in that cup
lurked a demon that should overthrow the altar
just erected. Caleb Reynolds was now a drunk-
ard and a deserter from his home. He had en-
listed, it was thought, in an hour of intoxication
—but his wife was left to learn it from other lips.
He went without one word of farewell, to the
plains of Mexico—and never since had she heard
of him. Poor Adelaide carried her crushed heart
back to her father's house, longing only to lay
in the grave. Have you ever seen a tree in our
Western forests, blighted by "girdling," as the
woodmen call it—cut off from its connection
with the life-giving earth, and then left to wither
for years? I never pass such a tree without
thinking of the slow death of the heart, to which
some writer has compared it. It was thus that
Adelaide stood among the other plants of her
father's nurture. Have you ever seen from such
a girl, a young shoot spring out,
and striking down its fibres from a feeble connection
with the bark below, and sustain a sure though
silly life in the tree? It was thus that little
Robert came, to bind a few broken fibres from
her early hopes and dreams to earth.

But we are forgetting our Thanksgiving—the
Annie forgot it, however—the nurse, and
by the time Father Talbot's "big sleigh" had
emptied twice upon the old salt-spriekled stone
steps, all were brought home from church, and
all were there.

All—except two unaccountable stragglers,
"the boys," as two striplings nearly six feet high
continued to be called, who were cultivating the
sciences in a college not many miles away. And
why were they not there? So questioned every
one, and granddaddy did not answer—only
wiped her spectacles every few minutes on her
apron, and peered out of her south-west window.
Merriment the new comers were all clustered
in the sitting-room, making a merry use of the
interlude between service and dinner. There
was Robert, the eldest son, with his romping
father and anxious-looking wife. There was
Charlotte—no, nobody knew her by that name—
Lottie, blooming in her prime, and managing her
little ones to a charm. There was Philip, "the
old bachelor," though by no means a crusty one.
Next to him sat a pale, still-looking cousin from
the nearest factory village. Last, but not least,
though in truth she was a little one—the old
school matron—the youngest of her father's
sisters, the laughing, fun-loving Susan. She was
not beautiful, as Adelaide had been, but there was
such a world of good nature in her low broad
forehead and dimpling cheeks, that you loved
her at first sight. I will not attempt her portrait,
for I do not know that she ever sat still long
enough to have it taken, except in church. This
day she was here, and everywhere, among the
children, kissing one, romping with another,
and then turning to Robert's baby, to the terror of
his mother and the delight of all others.

"You must let me go and help granddaddy
take up the turkey, indeed you must," cried
Susan, laughing, as she pushed through the
doorway, followed by the whole scamping troop.
One had sprung from the top of the arm chair
to her shoulder, and sat crowing like a parrot on
her perch.

As she advanced towards the kitchen, the out-
er door was thrown suddenly open and "A merry
thanksgiving to you!" burst from the lips of the
intruders, and the renewed shouts of the boister-
ous brood.

"Bless me, where did you drop from?" cried
the mother, dropping her ladle into the coals in
her surprise.
"Why, brothers, we never heard your sleigh-
bells," exclaimed Susan, throwing off her en-
combrance, and heartily welcoming the young
cousins.

"I dare say not," said Edward, as he knocked
the snow from his boots. "We chartered other
sort of vehicles, hey, Will!"
"The fact is," exclaimed Will, "that we
started with the sunrise this morning, but met
with a most provoking 'break-down' by the way.
So, not to be cheated out of our Thanksgiving,
we footed it through the drifts. We're late for
mother's dinner, and I assure you a walk of eight
miles has given us a pair of appetites."

So they sat down to dinner at last, all the lov-
ing and merry ones. Grandfather hushed them
for a moment, while he lifted his bronzed hands
over the huge platter, and invoked bountiful
Heaven in a lengthy but fervent "blessing." Then
followed the usual clattering, and—but I need
not describe it all; you see it as well as I do.

The "wish-bone," (a great prize, that) fell to
the share of the shyest one, little blue-eyed
Nelly, who carefully wrapped it in her white
apron as a sacred treasure.

"Come, may I break with you?" screamed her
cousin Harry, from the other end of the table.
"No, I am going to break—"
"With whom, I should like to know!"
"With Aunt Susan, then," said the little dove,
nestling timidly to her side.

"Aunt Susan—ha, ha! Aunt Susan would look
finely breaking a wish-bone."
"And why not, Master Harry?" said Susan,
merrily. "I assure you I have broken more than
one wish-bone at this very table!"

"And did your wishes ever come to pass—
did they ever, Aunt Susan?" cried three voices at
once.
"Yes, did they ever, Aunt Susan?" chimed in
Edward, capping up from his plate a sidling
demure glance, that brought blushes and dimples
to her cheeks.

Susan had seen some quiet little flirtations, even
under her father's eagle-eye. Suddenly her face
grew serious. She caught Adelaide's expression
of countenance, as the latter quietly rose from the
table, and made some excuse for withdrawing.

The wish-bone was broken to a charm—snap-
ping exactly in the middle, to the infinite amuse-
ment of the juveniles, who had been making bet
on the result. The "babies" went to sleep at
the night hour precisely, and were packed into

their snug cradles with blankets and pillows.
The elders of the juvenile company were en-
sconced in a corner to play "batto," and the
sisters and sisters clustered in quiet little knots.
William and Susan sat by the window, not
yet, the morose Thanksgiving Day that bright-
ened my young life was spent beneath the roof
of a staunch Puritan old lady, one of the few that
linger, like some evergreen in autumn, among
the more gay and careless of this generation.

For the first time, Thanksgiving Day religiously
as well as cheerfully. Good old patri-
arch! He might be forgiven the pride with
which he glanced round his seven children,
with all their little ones around him, and then
lifted up his hand to bless Heaven in their behalf.
But for three years, ever since the little Bobby
had been a sunbeam to bless the good old man's
heart, there had been a shadow, too, upon it—a
ghostly shadow, but a sad one. That shadow was
the graceful mother of the child—the favorite
daughter of the family.

Adelaide Talbot was beautiful and lovely in
her youth, dearly loved by all, but best by her
own friends. She was, indeed, the richest
gem in that circle. When the long lashes were
lifted from her ever changing cheek, you could
look into the very soul of the high-minded, sunny-
hearted girl. Six years before, she had stood in
her father's low parlour on Thanksgiving eve—she
had stood between her father and another to
whose face she lifted her soul-speaking eyes, his
face of an hour. And as the good mother's
rosy cheeks, carefully bottled for the occasion,
wound round, she dreamed not that in that cup
lurked a demon that should overthrow the altar
just erected. Caleb Reynolds was now a drunk-
ard and a deserter from his home. He had en-
listed, it was thought, in an hour of intoxication
—but his wife was left to learn it from other lips.
He went without one word of farewell, to the
plains of Mexico—and never since had she heard
of him. Poor Adelaide carried her crushed heart
back to her father's house, longing only to lay
in the grave. Have you ever seen a tree in our
Western forests, blighted by "girdling," as the
woodmen call it—cut off from its connection
with the life-giving earth, and then left to wither
for years? I never pass such a tree without
thinking of the slow death of the heart, to which
some writer has compared it. It was thus that
Adelaide stood among the other plants of her
father's nurture. Have you ever seen from such
a girl, a young shoot spring out,
and striking down its fibres from a feeble connection
with the bark below, and sustain a sure though
silly life in the tree? It was thus that little
Robert came, to bind a few broken fibres from
her early hopes and dreams to earth.

But we are forgetting our Thanksgiving—the
Annie forgot it, however—the nurse, and
by the time Father Talbot's "big sleigh" had
emptied twice upon the old salt-spriekled stone
steps, all were brought home from church, and
all were there.

All—except two unaccountable stragglers,
"the boys," as two striplings nearly six feet high
continued to be called, who were cultivating the
sciences in a college not many miles away. And
why were they not there? So questioned every
one, and granddaddy did not answer—only
wiped her spectacles every few minutes on her
apron, and peered out of her south-west window.
Merriment the new comers were all clustered
in the sitting-room, making a merry use of the
interlude between service and dinner. There
was Robert, the eldest son, with his romping
father and anxious-looking wife. There was
Charlotte—no, nobody knew her by that name—
Lottie, blooming in her prime, and managing her
little ones to a charm. There was Philip, "the
old bachelor," though by no means a crusty one.
Next to him sat a pale, still-looking cousin from
the nearest factory village. Last, but not least,
though in truth she was a little one—the old
school matron—the youngest of her father's
sisters, the laughing, fun-loving Susan. She was
not beautiful, as Adelaide had been, but there was
such a world of good nature in her low broad
forehead and dimpling cheeks, that you loved
her at first sight. I will not attempt her portrait,
for I do not know that she ever sat still long
enough to have it taken, except in church. This
day she was here, and everywhere, among the
children, kissing one, romping with another,
and then turning to Robert's baby, to the terror of
his mother and the delight of all others.

"You must let me go and help granddaddy
take up the turkey, indeed you must," cried
Susan, laughing, as she pushed through the
doorway, followed by the whole scamping troop.
One had sprung from the top of the arm chair
to her shoulder, and sat crowing like a parrot on
her perch.

As she advanced towards the kitchen, the out-
er door was thrown suddenly open and "A merry
thanksgiving to you!" burst from the lips of the
intruders, and the renewed shouts of the boister-
ous brood.

"Bless me, where did you drop from?" cried
the mother, dropping her ladle into the coals in
her surprise.
"Why, brothers, we never heard your sleigh-
bells," exclaimed Susan, throwing off her en-
combrance, and heartily welcoming the young
cousins.

"I dare say not," said Edward, as he knocked
the snow from his boots. "We chartered other
sort of vehicles, hey, Will!"
"The fact is," exclaimed Will, "that we
started with the sunrise this morning, but met
with a most provoking 'break-down' by the way.
So, not to be cheated out of our Thanksgiving,
we footed it through the drifts. We're late for
mother's dinner, and I assure you a walk of eight
miles has given us a pair of appetites."

So they sat down to dinner at last, all the lov-
ing and merry ones. Grandfather hushed them
for a moment, while he lifted his bronzed hands
over the huge platter, and invoked bountiful
Heaven in a lengthy but fervent "blessing." Then
followed the usual clattering, and—but I need
not describe it all; you see it as well as I do.

The "wish-bone," (a great prize, that) fell to
the share of the shyest one, little blue-eyed
Nelly, who carefully wrapped it in her white
apron as a sacred treasure.

"Come, may I break with you?" screamed her
cousin Harry, from the other end of the table.
"No, I am going to break—"
"With whom, I should like to know!"
"With Aunt Susan, then," said the little dove,
nestling timidly to her side.

"Aunt Susan—ha, ha! Aunt Susan would look
finely breaking a wish-bone."
"And why not, Master Harry?" said Susan,
merrily. "I assure you I have broken more than
one wish-bone at this very table!"

"And did your wishes ever come to pass—
did they ever, Aunt Susan?" cried three voices at
once.
"Yes, did they ever, Aunt Susan?" chimed in
Edward, capping up from his plate a sidling
demure glance, that brought blushes and dimples
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the good minister once called her. He cleared
his throat, therefore, and fondly passing his hand
and hand over her shining hair, said mildly,
"You are a good girl, Grace, and a comfort to
your parents, but this is a matter beyond your
ability to manage, and trouble will always come
soon enough without meeting it half way."

"Oh, do not say so, dear father—I am almost
eighteen, and you must not look upon me any
longer as a child, to be petted and cared for, but
a woman who is both willing and able to take her
share of the burdens it may please God to lay
upon you. Tell me what it is that afflicts you,
and do not fear that it will make me unhappy; I
can bear anything but to see you miserable, while
I am ignorant of the cause."

"Child, you know not what your father is a beggar—
we must leave the old homestead—where
we were all born, and where we have been so
happy"—a choking sobs prevented further
speech, as mechanically—Leave the old homestead
and for what? Why must we go?"

"You were a child," her father answered,
"and do not remember your uncle Barker. He
was in trouble, and I tried to help him out. But
in some way, before the business was ended, I
was obliged to mortgage my farm for a small sum
which could be raised in no other way. The in-
terest has been regularly paid until the last four
years, and I have always hoped to get together
enough to pay the principal, but, somehow or
other, instead of this, I have got behind hand,
and now the man who holds the mortgage threat-
ens to foreclose, unless the interest, which amounts
to more than two hundred dollars, is raised im-
mediately, and this is impossible as even you must
know."

"But your brother—uncle Thomas," said
Grace, eagerly, "he has money enough, will he
not help you in such a case as this?"

"Perhaps he might, but he would want better
security than I could give; and, moreover, if I
cannot pay the money on the bond, what reason
is there to suppose that I could raise any better
next year to repay your uncle? No, no, Grace,
there is no help for it, and we must bear it as
well as we can—but the hardest of all is the
thought of poor Philip, who is doing so well in
his college studies. Poor fellow, I can do nothing
more for him, now, and he must come back, and
try what he can do for the rest of us, by
keeping school, or in some other way."

"During her father's brief narrative, Grace had
remained gazing at him, every faculty absorbed
in deep and painful interest, but, as he ceased to
speak, she started up, and with sparkling eyes and
glowing cheek exclaimed, "Never shall Philip
be called home on such an errand, while I live to
prevent it. I am young and strong, and can find
a way of helping you all, little as you may be-
lieve it. Nay, hear me," she said, as she saw
her father's face express strong incredulity, "it
was only yesterday that Sarah Carter, who has
just returned from Lowell, told me what high
wages some of the girls earn, who are not older
than I—and which of them do you think would
have a dearer object than I, with the old home-
stead, and dear Philip before me?"

A tear had been slowly gathering in father
Lee's eye, while his daughter spoke, and it fell
on her neck, as he kissed her, and replied to her
fervent appeal—"You are too young, Grace, to
know how impossible it is for you to do all that
your love for me dictates—but I thank you for
the will, and I shall never forget it."

But the arms hung loosely around Caleb Rey-
nolds' neck; the surprise had been too sudden,
and gentle Adie had fainted. Not till they had
woken back the life-line to her cheek, and seen her
again in the arms of her husband, turning to
her look of soul-felt earnestness, that her early
years had flown—not till then—did the
others approach to welcome, with tearful em-
braces, their long-lost brother.

"And is this our boy, Adie, whom I never
saw?" cried Caleb, pressing his lips to the
little round forehead of the sleeper. She only
replied by her tears.

No question further was asked; but Caleb
soon spoke of his wanderings. Wounded in bat-
tle, and brought to the point of death, he had
listened to the angel Redeemer. But with re-
flection and good resolutions came also remorse
and despair. Who should win back to him the
forfeited affections of his deserted wife? It was
then that the lesson learned on his mother's knee
came beaming up through the gloom of years
squandered in dissipation. He went to the foun-
tain of peace and drank of the "living waters."
Having fixed and finished his term of probation,
he sought again his home.

"I knew," said he, "you would be all assem-
bled here to-night; and I lingered, shivering,
long before I could make my heart to come in
among you."

"Bless me, where did you drop from?" cried
the mother, dropping her ladle into the coals in
her surprise.
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bells," exclaimed Susan, throwing off her en-
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and that she was indeed to leave home for Low-
ell, perhaps to be absent for some years. There
was no mistaking the expression of her lover's
face, as she said this—it gave the death-blow to
all the hopes she had unconsciously cherished,
and taught her that henceforth Lewis Dayton
must be to her as a stranger. After an ineffa-
ble attempt to induce her to relinquish the idea,
and a few common-place remarks about other
things, he took his departure, leaving Grace in a
tumult of conflicting emotions, among which,
gratitude that she had so soon learned the hollow-
ness of his professions, became predominant.

"Better now than later," she said to herself,
while the tears of wounded feeling gushed from
her eyes. "I might in time have loved him so
well that the discovery of his character would have
almost broken my heart. I have only now
to think of my duty to my parents, and dear
Philip."

Philip Lee was two years older than Grace,
and though an invalid from childhood, was a
young man of uncommon strength of mind, and
loveliness of character. From his inability to
labor on a farm, it was decided that if possible
he should have an education, and it was the first
wish of his heart to become qualified for the Ges-
pel ministry. By great exertion and self-denial
on his own part, he had succeeded, with the lit-
tle aid his father could bestow, in fitting himself
for college one year in advance, and the whole
family were looking forward with eager antici-
pation to the time when they should listen to his
voice from the sacred desk. To Grace, particu-
larly, who idolized her brother, this hope had be-
come part of her own existence, and she felt that
no sacrifice was too great, no labor too severe, to
ensure its accomplishment. But Philip possessed
a portion of her own independence, and she must
conceal her plans and wishes from him, or he
would have refused to profit by her generous af-
fection.

The day of parting at length came; and, ac-
companied by her father, Grace left the beloved
home of her childhood, to enter on the new and
strange scenes that awaited her. All was at first
strange and unpromising, and with a heart-ick-
ness never before felt, she sought the solitude of
her own apartment, that she might weep without
restraint. But she was young and hopeful, and
the morning brought happier thoughts and renewed
courage; for she was not there to help those
who were dearer to her than life itself, and would
not this alone make everything tolerable and even
pleasant? It certainly was so, for the light of
love shone on every object around her, gliding
with its own radiant hues the monotonous labor
in which she was engaged, and making even the
careless hum of machinery sweeter music to her
ears than the warbling of the songsters in her own
native groves. It was important for her to secure
high wages, and she did so; but not even for this
she would neglect the cultivation of her mind, in
the few leisure hours she might call her own.

Her little room was a sacred spot, where order
and neatness presided; and carefully tended
flowers, well chosen books, and a good collec-
tion of music, spoke the taste and refinement of
its occupant. Without in the least neglecting
her daily duties, she was enabled, by a judicious
improvement of time, in attending lectures, and
acquiring a course of reading, to acquire an
amount of useful knowledge, far exceeding that
of many a young lady who has spent years at a
fashionable boarding school. Her manners too,
though perfectly simple and unaffected, were
graceful and dignified; and no one could look on
her sweet face, through which heart and mind
were ever speaking, without a feeling of deep
interest and involuntary admiration.

Four years had passed away since Grace Lee
became an inhabitant of Lowell—and in that time,
the mortgage on the "home farm," had been paid
off by her, and her father now sat in his accom-
modated nook, with the glad consciousness that
the inheritance which had descended to him, would
go down to his children unincumbered with a
single debt. Besides this, Philip had been com-
pelled, by her sisterly assistance, to accept of her
assistance in his course of study; and was now
ranked by all to whom he knew him, as a young
man of more than ordinary promise. Once a year
she visited, for a few short days, the dear spot
where her affections were garnered, and it always
seemed to the household, after her departure, as if
the sun shone less brightly than usual, when
they missed the light of her smile and the music
of her voice from their midst.

But now the father and his wife were grow-
ing old, and could no longer spare her, and on
the next Sabbath her brother was to preach for
the first time in the old church of Meredith,
so Grace Lee bade farewell to the spot endeared to
her by many a recollection, and at the close of a
bright summer day, found herself once more amid
her earliest and dearest friends, under the paternal
roof from which she has been so long an ex-
ile. It was a happy circle that surrounded the
family altar that night, as the young clergyman,
in a deep, rich voice, that trembled with emotion
thanked God for the way in which he led them
and above all, for the safe return of her whom he